

# WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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## A Deal in Wild Lands

BY LEON LEWIS.

### CHAPTER XVII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The wild rejoicings with which Gaddler secured the two men will be readily comprehended.

Then he bent a long and sinister glance in every direction around him, aiding himself with a glass one of his men happened to have on his person.

"It seems our little escapade has attracted no attention," he said to Perry, returning the glass to his follower, "and we are just as much out of the way here as if we were in the midst of the Sahara desert. The moment is accordingly a good one for you and I to reach a final settlement of the differences between us."

His manner was so ominous that both Mrs. Cotter and Mrs. Rankle experienced a keen apprehension.

"If there is anything wrong about our flight, Mr. Gaddler," exclaimed the former, "you may put all the blame on me, for I am the one who is responsible."

"Oh, I will deal with you in good time," returned Gaddler, turning a furious glance upon her. "It is to you that I am indebted, no doubt, for the loss of my cook and chambermaids."

"Nothing of the sort, sir," replied the housekeeper. They went away without so much as telling me of their intentions."

"At any rate, you did not send me word of their flight," growled Gaddler, "and you've turned to be spy and a traitor. Be assured that I will settle with you later."

He turned to one of his men, adding: "And now see, Gilly, if you can get the carriage together so that we can use it for the rest of our journey."

The man in question made a brief investigation.

"The running gear is all right sir," he reported. "The principal damage is a broken pole, but that can be readily spliced. In ten minutes we can have everything in shape for a move."

"Good," commented Gaddler. "Push ahead as rapidly as you can and I'll have a few words to say to our prisoner."

"He beckoned a couple of men to his assistance, and stepped nearer to Perry."

"As you see, Mr. Wynans," he resumed, "it will be a waste of time and strength for you to oppose my wishes."

"What do you want?" demanded Perry, at the same time assisting Elsie to a sitting posture, she having recovered her senses.

"I want those papers you have on your person."

"What papers?"

"The deeds of those wild lands on the Musselshell."

The prisoner looked his captor sternly in the face, seeking to read his intentions.

"What is your idea?" he asked.

"My idea?" And Sam Gaddler laughed jubilantly, motioning his followers to fall back a short distance. "I will soon tell you."

He lowered his voice to a whisper, resuming:

"Those deeds not being on record, it will be the simplest of measures for me to suppress them and substitute a forged deed for them that will put me in possession of the property."

"Are you capable of that act?"

"Perfectly, as you shall see."

"How did you know that the deeds are on my person?"

"It was easy to guess the fact. I am frank enough to say, however that Jerry Skidder has telegraphed me all the particulars involved in your trip to Montana."

Perry addressed a few words to his betrothed, with the intention of mitigating the sorrow she was displaying at the misfortune by which they had been overtaken.

And now to hand out the deeds.

ments. Mr. Wynans," added Gaddler, waving his hand toward his followers. "I think you will comprehend readily that resistance is out of the question. You may be sure that I shall not hesitate to use force in case force is necessary."

There could be no doubt upon this point, and Perry handed out the deeds, with as much grace as he could master.

"That is all very well so far as it goes," muttered Gaddler, when he had glanced at the documents. "But there is another step to be taken. I want the \$220,000 you took from Jerry Skidder before leaving Chicago."

"That money is mine, sir." "I shall not waste words upon the subject, you may be certain," said Gaddler, menacingly. "Mr. Skidder says the money is his, and has asked me to recover it. The least reflection will tell you that I can do no less than accede to his wishes. Out with it!"

The money was produced and Gaddler stowed it away in his pocket, with a jubilation he made no effort to conceal.

"Good," he said again. "We are getting on in the right direction. Is the carriage going to answer our purpose Gilly?"

"You can take possession, sir."

Little more was said until the ladies had resumed their places in the vehicle with Perry and Baker, and the whole party was in motion for the mines.

"Fortunately we have not gone far out of our course," muttered Gaddler, as he led the way jauntily at the head of his men. "We shall be safely at home in a couple of hours, and can rest as long as we please from the last three days of stir and worry."

We need not pause upon the attempts of the lovers to comfort each other under the trying circumstances in which they found themselves. As to Mrs. Cotter and Mrs. Rankle, they were too agonized to converse coherently, and scarcely broke the silence.

The scene of the disaster was soon left behind, and a vast stretch of wood and rock dawned upon the gaze of the prisoners, who could not help noticing that their way grew more and more lonely and solitary every moment.

At length they came to a wild mountain stream, in the midst of a solitude which did not show the least sign of ever having been traversed by a human being.

"This is the place," Gaddler was heard saying to Gilly who was driving the carriage. "You comprehend?"

The man nodded.

"Then let there be no failure!"

The party had reached the crest of a long slope, from which they could look down into a perfect flood of water, which came surging and roaring down the narrow valley.

"And now, forward, all!" cried Gaddler, putting spurs to his horse. "Follow me!"

A horrible conviction forced itself upon the prisoners, as they found themselves whirling down the slope at a furious gallop.

"He means to drown us all!" whispered Perry, in a guarded whisper to his betrothed.

"No doubt of it," was the answer.

"All the rest of the prisoners shared this opinion, as was attested by the glances passing between them."

"Forward!" cried Gaddler, again half rising in his stirrups, his eyes glowing like a demon's. "The brook may be dangerous, but we can't waste an hour to go down to the bridge!"

He did not speak again or even look back, but led the way into the stream at a gallop, with his followers pressing around him.

At that critical moment, with the carriage thundering down the slope toward the dangerous stream not a sound came from either Elsie or Mrs. Rankle.

Instead of uttering vain appeals for mercy, they exchanged a few guarded words, and then watched and waited.

That some resolute purpose had

entered their souls would have been apparent at a glance, if their intended assassins had looked back at them.

The next instant preceding the arrival of the vehicle at the stream, Elsie cut the bonds of her lover and Mrs. Rankle those of Charley Baker, thus restoring them to freedom.

"And now for it!" enjoined Perry.

In another moment they were all out of the carriage, tumbling more or less violently, but the light, grass-covered soil proved an ample cushion for their reception, and not one of them received the least injury.

Gathering themselves up promptly, they flew to cover behind an outcropping of rock close at hand, at the same instant that the empty vehicle, with the horses at a full gallop plunged into the raging torrent.

A yell of consternation arose from Gaddler and his friends, but they did not dare turn in the stream, knowing that such a measure would result in their being carried into a lonely canyon immediately below, and so, with a volley of curses, they all struggled through the flood, gaining the opposite bank.

"Back, all!" cried Gaddler, with a furious curse. "Of course this trick won't save them. Out with you, Gilly, and we'll go back!"

It was easier said than done, the heavy carriage dragging the horses several rods down the stream before they could be detached from it, but at last, more dead than alive, Gilly reached the bank at the heels of his struggling steeds.

"And now hear me, Sam Gaddler!" suddenly thundered a commanding voice from the crest of a ledge overlooking the stream. "You and your men are my prisoners! 2 step, or the least resistance, and you die!"

The speaker was seen at a glance to be Colonel Harvey Whipsaw, of Rattlesnake Ranch, and all around him the rocks and bushes were alive with two scores of "boys in blue" he had summoned from the nearest camp.

One look was enough for Gaddler and his friends, and at the end of half a dozen minutes they were all in irons and well guarded.

In good truth, the gallant Colonel had been even more active than was at first apparent.

Not only had he brought about the arrest of Jerry Skidder for working a mine to which he had no right, but he had given Hiram Skidder such a scare that that individual, with his son and daughter was already on his way back to Chicago, where he made a miserable failure in business, and sank into that poverty and obscurity he so well merited.

It was not in the nature of Perry and Elsie however, to mock at the calamity which had overtaken the schemes of their enemy. They merely took from his person the money and deeds of which he had robbed them, and then asked him for a warranty deed of the very handsome palace he had been building in the solitude of Montana with the money he had stolen from their mines.

"I'll never do this—never!" the villain protested.

"Oh, yes, you will, assured Colonel Whipsaw, with approval of the Captain commanding the detachment of soldiers, and within a few minutes thereafter the crest-fallen ruffian had divested himself forever of all his ill-gotten booty."

It is hardly necessary to say that Sam Gaddler did not marry Daisy Skidder. Instead, he was consigned to prison for a long term of years, and Daisy married a cattleman who had been the death of two women before her, and the couple are now living a thousand miles apart, Jerry having sold out all his barren hills in Montana to the Colonel and journeyed on to the westward with his daughter until stopped by the Pacific Ocean.

As to Elsie and Perry they were married in due course, with great rejoicings on the part of their numerous friends and the operatives of their mines, and at once took possession of the palace which had so strangely come into their hands, and there they are still living, with a growing family around them, in all the happiness and enjoyment which is given to mortals. Col. Whipsaw is one of their warmest friends and a frequent guest, and is in every way blessed and contented, although he did not secure the Musselshell Millions.

[THE END.]

### IN THE SUNNY SOUTHLAND.

Southwest Missouri, Southeast Kansas, Northeast Arkansas, Cottonfields, Snuff Dippers, etc.

Wednesday evening, November the twenty-fifth in company with my little daughter, who was ordered south that she might more rapidly recuperate from the effects of a surgical operation, we boarded a Ft. Scott, Memphis and Gulf train, bound for the land of sunny skies, balmy airs, and orange groves.

Leaving Kansas City over this road, the traveler finds himself passing through some of the best towns of Southeastern Kansas and Southwest Missouri. Paola, Olathe, Ft. Scott, Lamar, Springfield, all deserve more than a passing glance. They are typical western towns, full of that vim and push so characteristic of the great west, and so conspicuous by its absence across the southern border. Why this railroad was built through this section of Northeastern Arkansas, is hard to determine. It could not have been a missionary spirit, for railroad corporations are not usually actuated by religious motives. It could not have been for gain from local traffic, for judging from what we saw, that was not sufficient to pay running expenses. To our untutored eyes there was naught in the surroundings to induce home seekers to locate in such a section. The town of Ravenden is situated among rocky bluffs that are non-productive; near this village however are some springs, known as the Ravenden Springs, that are said to possess some medicinal virtues. Passing on toward the Mississippi, we find ourselves in a region desolate and dreary as can be well imagined. "God forsaken" might express it very accurately. Marshes and swamps are everywhere. One town the name of which is forgotten, was high and dry, every house was "on stilts" as it were, the underpinning being sufficient to keep the inhabitants above the flood. Visions of the havoc a Kansas "zephyr" might play, flitted before us, and a prayer of thankfulness that our lots have been cast in a dryer clime, involuntarily arose. This region is a paradise to hunters.

As we near Memphis and just after leaving it, the first glimpses of southern plantation life are seen. The change in temperature is slightly noticeable. The negro with her turbaned head and broad flat feet, is at work in the cotton field. The half clad pickaninies are playing and idling near her. Farther on the burley negro is driving the wagon loaded with baskets already filled. A gentleman sitting near said that the beautiful autumn weather had been favorable to the pickers and nearly all the fields would be cleared by the holidays. Frequently this does not occur until the following March.

As we note the extent of this industry, and reflect that it is but one of several to which slave labor was a valuable, though in the light of later years not a necessary adjunct, we are impressed with the fact that we have entered a new realm. We are in the domain of a people whose pursuits and customs are as different from ours as if they belonged to a distinct race. We begin dimly to appreciate the causes that led to the bloodiest of civil strife, to understand why what seemed so essential to the one, seemed so non-essential to the other.

We see contrasts at every turn. The pompous depot master no longer looks down upon you with looks that commiserate your ignorance, or gives gruff replies to your timidly put inquiries. In his stead the mild-mannered, mellow-voiced stewardess holds sway. She meets you as you descend from the coach, and conducts you to the waiting room. She answers your questions politely and impresses you with the fact that she is there for that business

and considers you no annoyance. At all depots are separate waiting rooms for the negroes, and on nearly all southern roads a coach for their exclusive use is attached to regular trains. The negro of the South differs widely from his brother of the West or north. He is in all things more respectful and not so much in fear of having his rights trampled upon.

"Mamma, what has the woman got a stick in her mouth for?" was the inquiry that called attention to a peculiar custom. For the first time, let us hope also for the last, the child saw a "snuff-dipper." To the uninitiated the force of the question is lost. For their benefit let us explain that the ordinary method of conveying the snuff to the mouth is by means of a stick that has been chewed at one end until it is soft, or the fibers have become separated and bushy, hence the term "tooth brush" is applied. No tobacco chewer ever rolled his "quid" from side to side with more evident enjoyment than do these "dippers" their "tooth-brushes." The habit of "dipping" was once prevalent among the better classes but is now confined exclusively to women of the lower walks of life. We are told it is a relic of the French Creole customs, but this we doubt as it has existed in localities far removed from Creole settlements. To us this seems a most disgusting practice, but it is questionable if the effect on the system is as injurious as the cigarette smoking indulged in by women in some parts of the North.

We are whirled across the state of Mississippi rapidly. Mellow sunshine, balmy air, cotton plantations, depots with the cotton ready for market piled bale on bale on every side, negroes dropping from the trees and "bobbing up serenely" from the very earth, omnipresent and—no, not quite omnipotent. We are, in fact, in Dixie's land. Night settles and nothing attracts until the lights of the iron furnaces are seen in the distance. The largest and most famous in the union are here at Hensley, the suburb of the queen city of Alabama, the wonder and pride of the whole South.

Birmingham! Change cars for Atlanta. For a moment the mildness of the climate is forgotten and we imagine ourselves in Kansas City, making a wild scramble for a ninth street cable car at the Union depot exist, but only for a moment; quiet again reigns and the silence only is broken by the rumble of the train and the grating voice of the brakeman who calls the stations as only a southern brakeman can. We are speeding away to Atlanta, the home of Ben Hill, Grady, and—Heaven forgive us—Sam Small.

SALLY T. MCKINNEY.

For burns and wounds we would recommend Salvation Oil. All dealers sell it at 25 cents.

Many cases have come under our notice where a single bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup relieved a sufferer from a severe cough, which had been treated for months by competent physician. 25c.

### Why Edison is a Republican.

The father and brother of the great electrical inventor, Thomas A. Edison, were Democrats. Some one recently asked him to explain how he happened to be a Republican when his environment was Democratic.

"I will tell you all about it in a very few words," said he. "I became a Republican in New Orleans. It was on a street corner, where there was a poor devil in a blue uniform grinding an organ. He was blind in one eye. He had a big scar above the other eye. One of his ears was slashed off. One leg was cut off below the knee. The other leg was severed above the knee. His left arm was cut off above the elbow. His right hand was mutilated so that only the little finger remained. With that finger he turned the organ handle and brought forth doleful tunes. A big brute of a Southerner came along and stopping in front of the organ, looked the crippled soldier all over. Then he drew a ten dollar bill out of his pocket and tossed it on the organ. As he started away the old soldier called after him to kneel if he had not made a mistake, saying that no man had ever given him a bill before. The Southerner turned about with a fierce look and responded that he was willing to give \$10 any time to see a Yankee kneel up like the organ grinder, because that was the way he would like to see every blankety blanked Yankee carved up. Well, that incident made a Republican of me."

The man who lives right himself is continually making unwritten laws that other people have to follow.

### STILL THEY COME.

Good Effects of the McKinley Bill—New Industries Springing Up Like Magic.

The McKinley law continues to act as an efficient agent in bringing about the importation of industries. The additional duty which it imposes on satines, foulards, and the finer grades of cottons has had the natural effect. A huge mill for the manufacture of these goods is to be erected in Adams, Mass. The capital of the new manufactory will be \$1,000,000, and it will give employment at American wages to 800 persons. The new enterprise will create a profitable home market for the American sea island cotton. It is one more illustration of the tendency of a wisely framed tariff to develop home manufactures along new lines.

The Consul at St. Etienne, France, reports that a large manufacturer of ribbons, and one of gloves are looking for sites in the United States, and that they expect to build factories and give employment in the aggregate to upwards of 950 persons. The McKinley tariff is getting in its work.

By the end of the year it will have resulted in the employment of not fewer than 38,000 persons in new lines of industry in this country.

Waste no money. Buy Salvation Oil. It kills all pain. Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

Catherine Lewis fainted one night in "Olivette," but it didn't cause a ripple in the play. 'Twas only a cough, and they had a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup on hand, of course.

### Young Men Wanted.

The great business world is constantly calling for volunteers. The faithful effort, the inflexible purpose, the indomitable will, always find a field of labor. In the professions, in every mart of trade, in every avenue of industry there is an increasing demand for young men of energy, ability and character. No idlers are wanted. No Micawbers "waiting for something to turn up" are ever sought for. None but those who are anxious to roll up their sleeves and put their shoulder to the wheel need ever venture to apply. Leaders are wanted. They who now rule and manage, will soon pass away, and their places must be filled from the ranks of the young men of today. And who shall the lucky ones be? There is no royal road to success. He who would win most work. Then arise, young man, and look about you. Quit the society of the idler and shun the haunts of the profligate. Educate yourself for a life of usefulness. Choose an honorable calling and rest not until you become a leader in that calling whatever it may be.

### Be a Man.

Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of hard work. Work for the best salaries and wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat and boots. Do not eat up or wear out all that you can earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profit's sake. Be stingy to your own appetite, but merciful to other's necessities. Help others, and ask no help for yourself. See that you are proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to wear a coat that you cannot afford to buy; too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expenses; too proud to lie, or steal, or cheat; too proud to be stingy; in short, be a man of integrity and individuality.—Selected.

### Quality First, Quantity Next.

The eager, feverish desire for quantity, rather than quality has made many a farmer a drudge through life. Twenty acres are worked in a shiftless, systemless manner, when ten acres worked systematically, thoroughly and intelligently would produce far better results. Four inferior horses are kept to do the work of two good ones. Twelve poorly fed cows take double the time and labor that half the number of thoroughbreds would require to produce more and richer milk. The farmer who brings out the full possibilities of fifty acres of land will do his share of the work of the world, and he will make all the money needed to supply every reasonable want. Quality first and quantity next is a good motto for the farmer.